



Colors



30 1 1

Chapter 1 by cheetah3

Yes, I just said that I can see you. You may think about this, although I suggest you don't. I know why the grass is green, why you have green eyes, why emeralds are green. Don't think I have anything against any other colors, but green is the color I was assigned. I know how everything works. It's all in the color green. Looking at everything from the "green side" as my family would say isn't really something I had wished for.

You see, our family isn't very normal.

It all started with my grandmother, Vivide, who was a color enthusiast. She loved all colors, but loved a soothing shade of lilac purple especially. The day she turned 12, everything she saw was from a different point of view. Literally. As soon as Vivide Warner opened her eyes that tedious morning of her 12th birthday, everything she saw was in different shades of purple.

Chapter 2 by Oakley Buttars



That is what happened to me. Everything was green even the flowing river rushing by on the edge of the small town we lived in. My family was proud of me when I awoke on my twelfth

birthday and I was amazed that every single thing I saw was green.

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I learned to deal with it. I loved green. The world is green it is just too much to handle. I know rivers are blue. From my point of view it was all green.

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